I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtom rie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courſes may be underſtood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* Houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is juſt, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſſ.

Roſſ. And living too, for now his ſonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt breake with ſilence
Eer't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind & let him ne'r ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th' D. of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man:
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Roſſ. No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declintng Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of us all:
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Roſſ. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Warres hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.

Roſſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme.

Wil. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and deſolution hangeth over him.

Roſſ. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.